

The two kinde Louers :

O R,

The Maydens resolution and will,
To be like her true Louer still.

To a dainty new tune.



Two lonely Louers,
walking all alone,
The Female to the Male,
was making pittious moans:
Saying, if thou wilt goe, Love,
let me goe with thee,
Because I cannot live,
without thy company.

Be thou my Master,
Be the thy trusty Page,
To waite on thee
in thy weary Pilgrimage.
So shall I still
enjoy thy lonely presence,
In which alone
consists my earthly essence.

Be thou the Sunne,
Be the beames so bright,
Be thou the Moone,
Be the lightest night:
Be thou Aurora,
the dier of the day,
I will be the pearly dew,
upon the flowers gay.

Be thou the Rose,
thy smell I will admire,
And yet a sweet
odoriferous perfume:
Be thou the Mallow-bow,
I will be the colour many,
cloud,
whether rainy.

Be thou the Lion;
Be the the Lionesse:
Be thou the seruant,
Be the the Mistresse:
Be thou the Waspentine,
and Be the quill,
That wheresoever thou goest,
I may be with thee still.

Be thou the Turtle;
and I will be thy mate,
And if thou die,
my life Be ever hate:
Be thou the nimble Fairy,
that trips upon the ground,
And I will be the circle,
where thou mayst dance around.

Be thou the River,
Be the the babling riuert
Be thou the gill,
and I will be the giner:
Be thou the chaste Diana,
and I will be as chaste;
Be thou the Time,
Be the the houres past.

Be thou the Ship,
Be the the surging Seas,
That shall transport my Love,
where he doth please:
Be thou the Neptune,
Be the the triple Face,
Be thou the sacred Hunter,
Be the the Deere in chase.

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The second part. To the same tune.



Be thou the Shepheard,
He be the Shepheardske,
To sport with thee
in toy and happynesse:
I will be the Marygold,
if thou wilt be the Sunne:
Be thou the Fryer,
and I will be the Pyn.

I will be the Pelican,
and thou shalt be the young,
He spend my blood,
to succour thee from wrongt:
Be thou the Gardener,
and I will be the flowres,
That thou mayst make me grow
with fruitfull showres.

Be thou the Falconer,
the Falcon I will be,
To yeld delight
and pleasure unto thee:
Be thou the Lanthorne,
I will be the light,
To lead thee to thy launcp
euery darksome night.

Be thou the Captaine,
He be the Souldier stout,
And helpe in danger
all to beare thee out:
Be thou the lonely Olme,
and I will be the Vine,
In sweet conioyance,
to sympathize and twine.

Be thou the Pilot,
He be the Sea-mans Card,
He be the Tynar,
and thou shalt be my yard:
Be thou the Manner,
and He the Huttler he,
Be thou the Fruterer,
and I will be the Tree.

Be thou the Black-smith,
I will be the Forge:
Be thou the Water-man,
and I will be the Barge:
Be thou the Fyoker,
and I will be the Patrone.
Be thou the Parastie,
and I will learne to latone.

These lovely Louers
bring thus combin'd,
Most equally agreed
both in heart and mind.
Accus'd may they be,
who seek to part these
Whom Love and nature
did to lone exatne.

I wish all young-men,
that constant are in loue,
To finde out a woman
that will so loyal proue:
And to all honest maydens,
in heart I wish the same,
That Cupids lawes
may be deuoys of blame. Finis.